Shewing an outward pitty: yet you *Pilates*
Have here deliver'd me to my sowre Crosse,
And Water cannot wash away your sinne.
Nor. My Lord dispatch, read o're these Articles.
Rich. Mine eyes are full of teares, I cannot see:
And yet salt-water blindes them not so much,
But they can see a sort of Traytors here.
Nay, if I turne mine eyes upon my selfe,
I finde my selfe a Traytor with the rest.
For I have given here my soules consent,
T'undecke the pompous body of a King;
Made glory base, a soveraigne, a slave;
Proud Maiesty, a subiect; State, a Pesant,
Nor. My Lord.
Rich. No Lord of thine, thou haught-insulting man;
No, nor no mans Lord: I have no Name, no Title:
No, not that Name was given me at the Font,
But 'tis usurpt: alacke the heavy day,
That I have worne so many Winters out,
And know not now, what Name to call my selfe.
Oh, that I were a mockery, King of Snow,
Standing before the sunne of *Bullingbrooke*,
To melt my selfe away in Water-drops:
Good King, great King, and yet not greatly good,
And if my word be sterling yet in England,
Let it command a mirror hither straight,
That it may shew me what a face I have,
Since it is Bankrupt of his Maiesty.
Bul. Goe some of you, and fetch a Looking-Glasse.
Nor. Read o're this Paper, while the Glasse doth come.
Rich. Fiend, thou torments me, ere I come to Hell.
Bul. Vrge it no more my Lord *Northumberland*.
Nor. The Commons will not then be satisfy'd.
Rich. They shall be satisfy'd: ile reade enough,
When I doe see the very Booke indeed,
Where all my sinnes are writ, and that's my selfe.
Enter one with a Glasse.
Give me that Glasse, and therein will I reade.

No deeper wrinkles yet? hath
So many blowes upon this face
And made no deeper wounds
Like to my followers in prospe
Thou do'st beguile me. Was
That every day, under his ho
Did keepe ten thousand men?
That like the sunne did make
Is this the face, which fac'd so
That was at last out-fac'd by *B*
A brittle glory shineth in this
As brittle as the Glory, is the f
For there it is, crackt in an hun
Marke silent King, the Morall o
How soone my sorrow hath de
Bul. The shadow of your sorro
The shadow of your face.
Rich. Say that againe.
The shadow of my sorrow: h
'Tis very true, my griefe lyes all
And these externall manners of
Are meerely shadows to the uns
That swells with silence in the
There lies the substance: and I t
For thy great bounty, that not
Me cause to waile, but teacheſt
How to lament the cause. Ile be
And then be gone, and trouble y
Shall I obtaine it?
Bul. Name it, faire Cosin.
Rich. Faire Cosin? I am great
For when I was a King, my flatt
Were then my subiects; being n
I have a King here to my flattere
Being so great, I have no need to
Bul. Yet aske.
Rich, And shall I have?
Bul. You shall.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Richard II* (STC 22313) LONDON, 1634 THE BRITISH LIBRARY (C.34.k.45)